

THE ESCALATING EROTIC ADVENTURES OF ANNE

CHAPTER I: GETTING IT ON

By Dan Standing

Based on the original "Protie" Anne Interviews

Anne took a moment to adjust her cleavage, the blue latex squeaking as it rubbed against her skin. Unlike some of the other waitresses working at the video game-themed breastaurant N00B5, Anne enjoyed showing herself off to the customers. She'd always had a fairly slim body, and it took quite a bit of padding to get her bust up how she liked it, but Anne always got a little thrill when an eye flitted up to her chest, or she caught a glance pivoting down to admire her pert little ass pinched into the tight blue latex hot pants as she walked away with an order.

She certainly appreciated the tips, and while Anne had found a fine income at N00B5 it wasn't what she wanted to do as a living. Anne thought back to her youth, when she'd first discovered how much she enjoyed posing, how much she enjoyed her beauty being appreciated, how much she wanted to be seen by as many people as possible.

Anne pushed back a brunette lock with the others that draped gracefully around her shoulders and girl-next-door face. There was still a bit of innocent bashfulness that played against her desire to be admired. It made her both sexy and adorable.

Had any of the other waitresses working at N00B5 been approached as Anne was that day, they may have rebuffed the woman sitting by herself at the table in the corner. But Anne had been waiting for such an offer most of her life.

"This isn't what you want to be doing, not really, is it?"

The question *had* caught Anne off-guard. Her words were caught in her throat for a moment as she took in the seated woman; perhaps in her mid forties, brown hair just starting to silver, the body within the work jacket and long skirt fairly fit and certainly still retaining its sensuality. She stared up at Anne through black rimmed glasses.

"I...no, not all of it," Anne finally replied in a roundabout way. The woman looked Anne up and down, taking in the skimpy costume inspired by the outfit worn by a female scifi bounty hunter in the post-game sequences; the tight blue latex belly top with N00B5 written across the bust, the latex booty shorts with blue lines running across them that accented the peach-like nature of Anne's rear, and the ankle-high boots that had their heels painted to look like rocket boosters. Practically without thinking Anne fell into a pose, her hand on one hip, the other hand playing with the scoop of the top drawing attention to her cleavage, her legs twisted to the side.

"Well, if it's the posing and attention you'd be interested in following up on, my company has been looking for an internal spokeswoman to help keep everyone informed of how our research developments are going and to just generally help keep morale up," the woman

explained. She popped open a small briefcase and pulled out a business card. Anne quickly scanned over it.

LIXA JANNERSON
VP HUMAN RESOURCES
REDUXIA CORP.

“What would it involve?” Anne asked.

“Skin. I won’t lie. We *really* need to get people’s attention, so you’d need to be willing to be very...experimental,” Ms. Jannerson responded, collecting her things and standing up even though she hadn’t ordered - although it was clear she had gotten what she wanted, “But you would be your own boss, and we’d provide a suite in the building for you as long as a studio. If it is something you’d be interested in stop by my office tomorrow at 10 a.m. for an official interview.”

And with that Ms. Jannerson walked out of N00B5. Anne could not help herself as she watched the butt wrapped in the long tight skirt sway its way out. Anne caught her breath and took stock of herself; she was warm all over, especially within the latex shorts. Pretty much every word that came out of the older woman’s mouth had hit one of Anne’s buttons, and she wished she had another break coming to deal with the very moist situation going on between her thighs.

The next morning Anne was dressed in a long orange double-breasted coat and modest black heels as she walked into the lobby of Reduxia Corp. She showed the receptionist the card Ms. Jannerson had given her and she directed Anne to an elevator that would take her to the executive level.

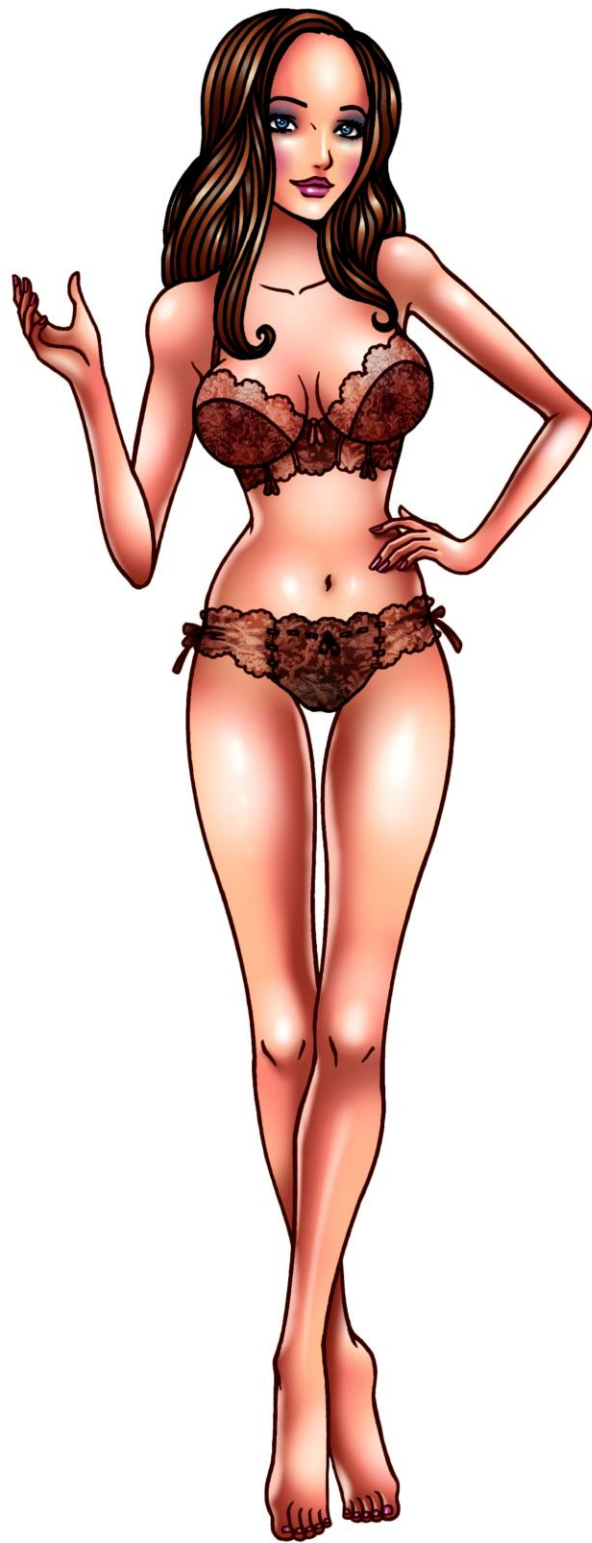
Stepping off the elevator at 9:59 Anne approached a blonde secretary about Anne’s age who lead her to an office door marked JANNERSON. Anne’s heart was in her throat. She’d called out of work, but since she had no sick days to burn it was more as a courtesy than something she could actually do and expect to return to N00B5 the next day. The door was opened quickly after a soft knock from Anne, and Ms. Jannerson smiled.

“Come in, please, come in. It’s great to see you, Anne. I presume you are here to take up my offer?”

“Yes, yes I am,” Anne replied. Jannerson took a seat behind her desk and offered a chair on the other side of it to Anne, but the young woman remained standing.

“So, what would you like to do for your interview?” Jannerson asked, leaning back in her seat. Anne peered back a moment at the open door behind her, and then turned her attention back to Jannerson. There hadn’t been time to put a proper portfolio together, so she’d improvised. In a smooth motion she lowered the jacket from her shoulders and let it collapse onto the chair she had turned down.

Anne stood in nothing but a frilly patterned strapless bra and matching panties. Her body blushed as she deftly stepped out of her heels. It had been a long time since she’d *actually* done anything so bold, despite how many times she’d wanted to do it so badly.



“Very nice,” Ms. Jannerson smiled, “Why don’t you tell me a little about yourself?”

“Well,” Anne started slowly, walking around the office and taking moments to strike a little pose here and there, “I grew up in a small town. Everyone knew everyone. It was a given that you’d aid your neighbor, attend the Town Square events, and do your part to help the community. I’ve a lot of community service under my belt.”

“Single child?” Jannerson asked.

Yeah,” Anne replied, unsurprised that it could be guessed, “I came to the city in pursuit of my...dreams. I always wanted to be, well, a pin-up girl basically. Not something I could really do in a town like mine.”

“How did you realize that was what you wanted to do?”

"It started near the end of high school. I had no idea what I really wanted to do after graduation. I mean, I was great at science, and enjoyed the local theater performances I had done, and was considering how to pursue those. But neither was what I *wanted* to do, I just...I just *knew* that." Anne’s tale was broken up by a laugh, one that felt long coming as she considered what had brought her to be wandering around a business office in her underwear. “Then one day, it must have been over 100 degrees, I was walking by this pond that sat in the field behind our house. It looked so clear and crisp and cool I just had to strip down and jump in.”

“Let me guess...you weren’t alone for long.

“No. Of course while I was swimming one of the boys of the neighborhood came by. We both sort of spotted each other at the same time. I was...not embarrassed, but just wondered what the town would say if he told anyone what I was doing. But he didn't act like anything was wrong, or that it was a big deal in a bad or crude way. It was like my nudity was a treasure to be appreciated. As I returned to the shore for my clothes he politely asked if he could take a photo of me for himself.”

Anne giggled and ran a hand over the chair. She was clearly amused by the recollection. The laughter sent small ripples through the curves her pushed-up breasts.

"I don't know why I agreed to being photographed. I think it was just the folly of youth going with the moment. I stood at the lakeside with my head up, my wet hair dripping down by back and over my butt. I put one hand on a hip and the other touching my hair, with my body shifted so my breasts hung just right. Droplets of water were all I was wearing, and the light of the sun must have made them look like little diamonds. He took a single picture. Then he helped me dress and was on his way. I wasn't really fearful of the repercussions, although I *did* expect to see copies and hear snickering all over the school the following day. But no one knew. It *was* just for him. He moved before I could get up the courage to ask him about it. I've still never even seen a copy online. I didn't consider it a career possibility back then, but I know that boy had a lot to do with my trust in photographers."

“So I take it you graduated high school and then...”

“...went to the local community college to pursue Biology,” Anne continued, “After two years of various courses I grew beyond it and switched to Theater and Set Design. But the little tickle in my head from that day at the lake always stayed with me. Being on stage scratched in a way, but not fully. Then one day I was helping to dress a scene for SOUTH PACIFIC and found a chorus girl’s Polynesian outfit. The set director was there taking pictures for reference, and I came out dressed only in this grass skirt and coconut bra. I said I should pose for scale.”

At this point a large grin crossed Anne's face, and she shook her head slightly. She threw her hands to her face and sighed before lowering them and picking up her story.

"I got a strange look, but not an objection. As we progressed through the different sets I just felt like it would be better if I wasn't wearing the coconuts...or the skirt. I *managed* to keep them all on, but by the end of it all that desire to be photographed nude was squarely in my mind. I started studying the paintings of Alberto Vargas, and got a lot of inspiration from Bettie Page. And after finishing college I came here to the city to see if I could find a way to do what I learned I loved."

“A biology *and* theatre background,” Ms. Jannerson mused, “Sounds like the kind of foundation that would go far for you here. But I do need to know how far you are will to go in your photos.”

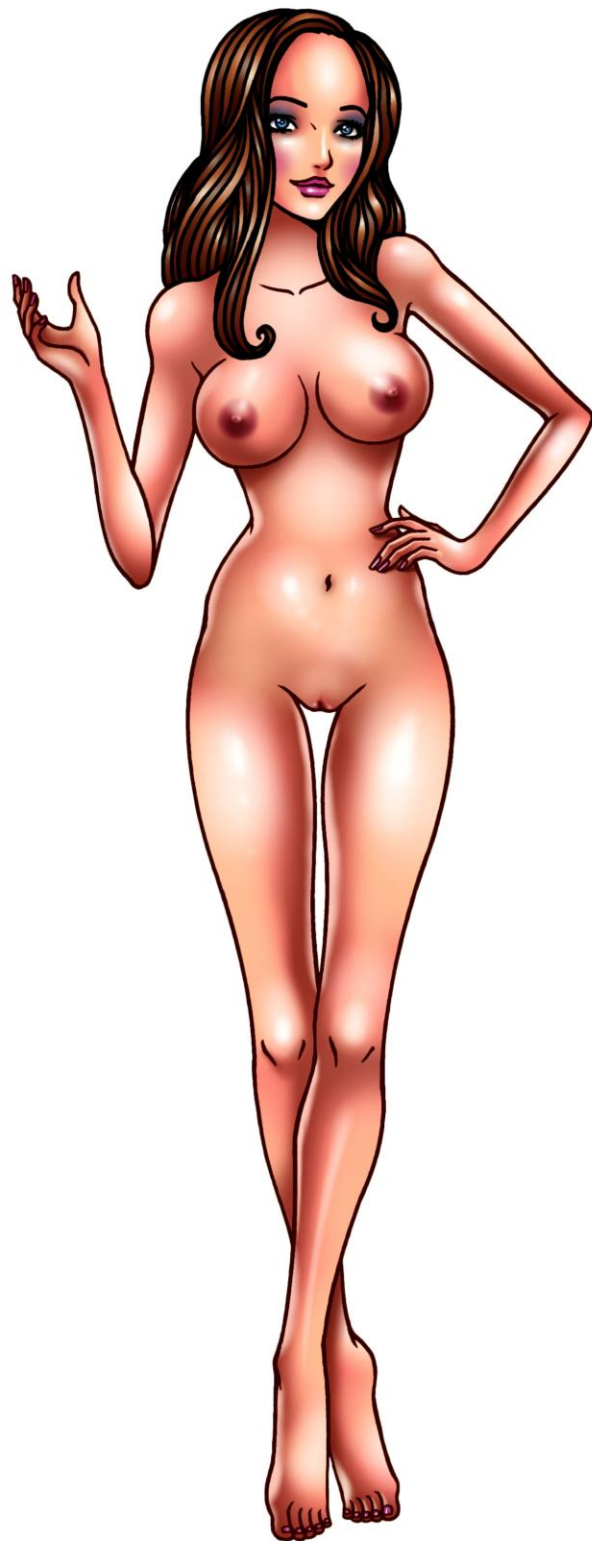
There was no doubt that Anne was incredibly turned on by all of this. Her body was completely red, and if she wasn’t careful she was absolutely going to stain the thin material over her slit. And had Ms. Jannerson made a move on the young woman she probably would have welcomed it. But there was no sensuality or *entendre* in her last sentence; it was all business. She needed to know if Anne was willing to show the last few hidden parts of herself.

And Anne, for the first time in a long time, felt perfectly comfortable fully embracing her exhibitionism. There wasn’t any music in Ms. Jannerson’s office, but that didn’t stop Anne’s body from dancing and gyrating as she unclipped her bra, held it up, and dropped it onto Ms. Jannerson’s desk. Her hips swung back and forth as her thumbs hooked into her panties and sent them sliding down her long smooth legs. She struck a pose, then spun, lifting her leg up over the back of the chair in front of Ms. Jannerson’s desk and sliding into the seat. She crossed one leg over the other, her foot practically pointing at the woman on the other side of the desk, and Anne let her arms splay out. She made no attempt at covering the apple sized breasts that rest proudly on her ribs, her nipples probably the hardest they had ever been.

“Excellent,” Ms. Jannerson smiled. She picked up a few forms with a pen clipped to them and placed them in front of her nude new employee, “Fill these out and we’ll get you moved in today.”

Anne could not believe her ears. Here she was, nude as could be in front of an HR rep and being told he was hired to be photographed. No, to photograph herself. As she filled in her name, social security number, and other information, Ms. Jannerson explained that there was really only one requirement of her.

Reduxia Corp. was a research and development firm, and needed to make sure its employees were aware of recent products and breakthroughs. Past attempts at getting everyone at the company to read the internal memos hadn’t fallen short of significant exposure.



So Anne would be provided with the next memo and/or a sample of whatever breakthrough they needed to get the word out about. Anne would need to incorporate that information into her photoshoot. She could do it however she liked, but it had to be incorporated in some fashion. Anne didn't think that sounded like all that bad a caveat.

With the paperwork filled out Anne collected her underthings, jacket, and heels, but before she could redress Ms. Jannerson had ushered the model out of her office and reintroduced Anne to her secretary, Christine. The blonde woman shook Anne's hand eagerly, and didn't appear to care at all that someone was walking around the office nude.

Ms. Jannerson instructed Christine to take a blood sample from Anne - for the lab to test for possible allergens to the products she'd be displaying - and then to show her to her suite and studio. A quick finger prick later and the pair were on the elevator together, Anne still nude and barefoot and Christine dressed in a yellow jacket, a yellow frilled blouse beneath it, a black skirt, and dark lined pantyhose that ran down her legs into solid black heels that seemed an inch higher than work shoes should have been.

"So, uh, do you like working here?" Anne asked, shifting the weight of the clothes slung over one arm onto the other.

"Oh yes, it's great!" Christine exclaimed cheerily, her voice full of earnestness, "I mean, it's my first job out of college, but I can't imagine working anywhere else. Ms. Jannerson is so sweet, and everyone treats everyone here so nicely. You're going to love it!"

"And no one is going to find it weird if they get memos with...pictures of me attached?" Anne asked. The adrenaline of finding her dream job was starting to wear off, and now reality was starting to ebb back into Anne's mind.

"Oh no no, we're all very open minded here," Christine smiled, "And very forward thinking about stuff like that. I mean, I had a swim class after work once and changed into my bikini in the bathroom and no one thought anything of it. It felt totally comfortable for me."

Anne couldn't help but let her mind linger on what the young woman next to her would look like in a bikini. Christine was slightly curvier than Anne, especially up top - she had a reasonable amount of cleavage showing over her blouse's top button, and Anne got the impression the secretary didn't need as much padding as Anne would have needed for the same effect.

The ding of the elevator brought Anne's mind back to the matter at hand. She followed Christine off into the hallway. The secretary led Anne to a door where she punched in a keycode, and led her inside. It was a spacious open floor plan, with a kitchen tucked in one corner and two doors to the left, one leading to a full bathroom and the other to a bedroom. The room was carpeted with what Anne believed the most comfortable and soft fibers she'd ever felt, and she could not help but wiggle her toes. It felt especially good after walking over so much tiling.

"This will be your place, ready to move in as soon as you are! I'll get you the instructions to reset your keycode. You can put your things down if you want and I'll show you the studio space," Christine grinned. Anne found some coat hooks near the door and couldn't help but giggle as she slipped her bra and panties over a peg.

Anne found that she did indeed feel completely comfortable in the nude. A wave of joy washed over her as the realization truly set in.

Not far down the hall Christine opened another door and led Anne into a fully stocked and ready photo studio. There were all the lights she'd need, a white backdrop, and a couple high-end cameras that Anne had only ever dreamt of holding, let alone using.

"This is...for me?" Anne said softly.

"Yes, we kept it separate from your living quarters so you could have deliveries and guests without a risk of your privacy," Christine smiled. She seemed honestly pleased that Anne was so enraptured by everything around her. "Now, I think I'll let you settle in, I have to get back to work. Call or text or email me if I can be of any...service."

Christine winked at Anne and placed a business card on a table near the door, then left back out into the hallway.

Anne strode around the room for a few minutes, long legged steps looking like she was a ballerina dancing on clouds. She picked up a camera and examined it, and then danced over to a tripod nearby the white backdrop. Anne set it up, turned on the timer and pranced over to the center of the backdrop. She struck a pose and waited. Even though Anne knew she'd only set the timer for mere seconds, keeping her patience while that timer ran out as she waited for the first photo of her to be taken in her new studio was excruciating.

The flash went off. Anne had just taken the first paid nude photo of herself. Her body shuddered, her legs went weak.

She'd actually come from it. A little bit, just enough to make her squeeze her thighs to extend the satisfaction for another moment, a little coo escaping puckered lips. As Ann caught her breath she smiled.

The young woman could not wait for her first assignment at Reduxia Corp.

to be continued...

